





# Sketches From Life


AS SEEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF A  
FLOWER MISSION;

—BY—

F. H. HOLLAND.

(MRS. JOHN BILLINGS.)

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TO the memory of one long since passed to her  
reward, in whose honor the Duffield Flower  
Mission was so called, these sketches are affec-  
tionately dedicated by the Author.

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Published and Sold for the benefit of the Flower  
Mission to the Hamilton Hospital.

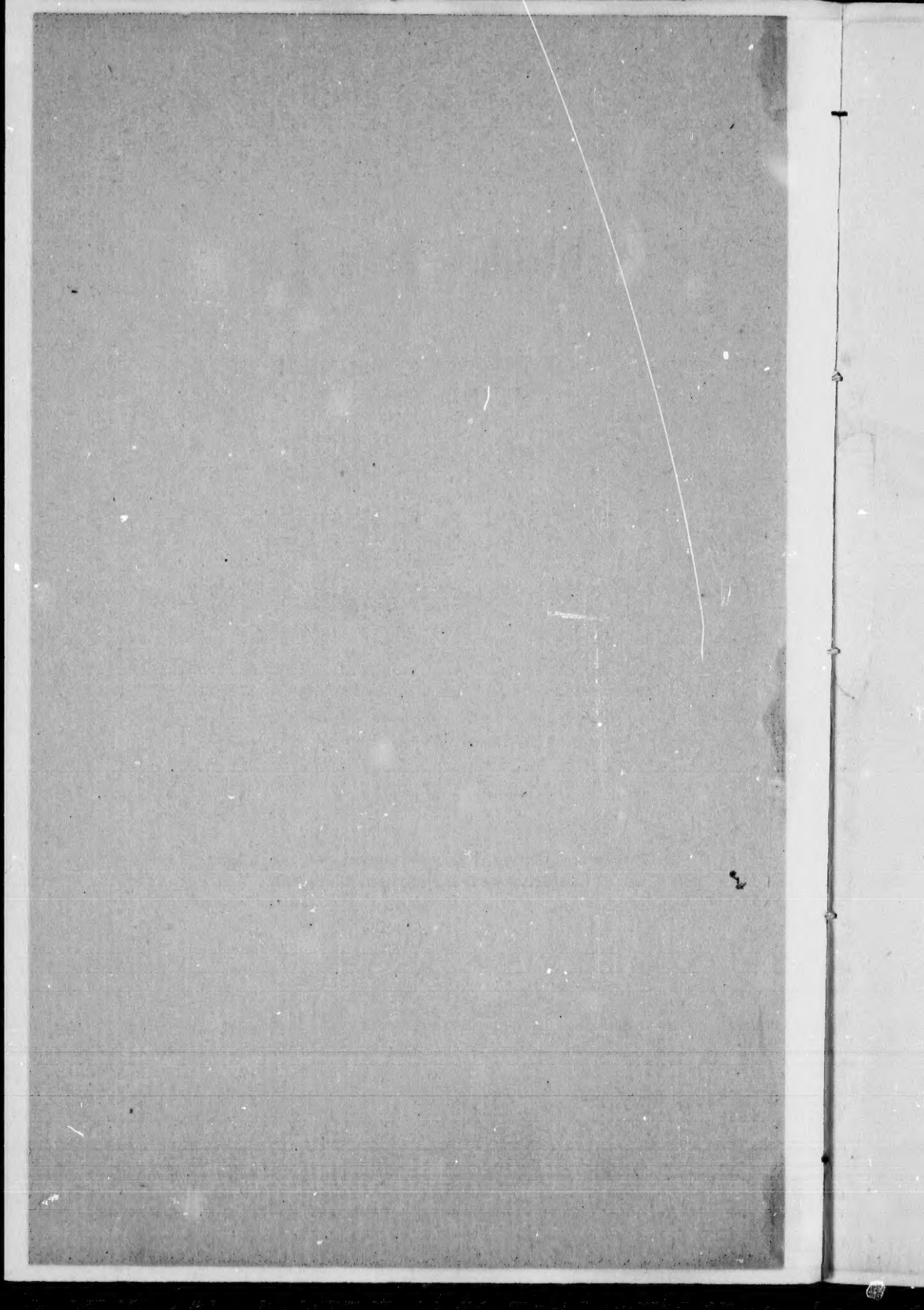
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HAMILTON:

Times Printing Company, corner Hughson and King Wm. streets.

1883.





*Betty Mayan*  
1901

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Introduction to Hospital Sketches.

—xox—

*ONE half the world, with all its joy and gladness,  
Knows not the cares and trials of all the other—  
In shadow lie so many hearts : of grief and sadness  
The happy half go on, unconscious ever.*

*Awake ! ye happy dwellers in the sunshine !  
A thought, a care for those who suffer keep ;  
Stir in your sleep, ye fortune-favored mortals !  
Some in this world are born to toil and weep.*

*Mayhap 'tis but a cheering speech—a word  
Dropt' from smiling lips when passing by ;  
It cheers some wretched heart : a ray of sunshine  
Lives forever in Eternity.*

## Sketches from Life.

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### A LETTER WHICH NEVER CAME.

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September's sun was shining red and hazy ; for the day  
Was softly, slowly, closing, passing stealthily away ;  
Past the long, straight rows of beds—in order, clean and  
white—

A lady with a basket came slowly into sight ;  
To right of her, to left of her, smiles met her friendly eye,  
Tho' all were sick and suf'ring, and some were there to die;  
A smile was seen on every face—grateful every one—

For flowers she gave to each poor soul, a word denied to  
none.

Athwart one white and narrow bed, a sunbeam bright had  
crept ;

Yet, spite of all its tender light, the man who lay there  
wept.

He wept and sobbed as if he were in dire distress and pain,  
But the sunbeam danced, and flickered, and went, and  
came again.

The lady pausing, gently said to the poor suf'rer there,  
“Why George, why are you weeping? Is your pain so  
hard to bear?”

“You have come without a letter,” he said with broken sigh ;

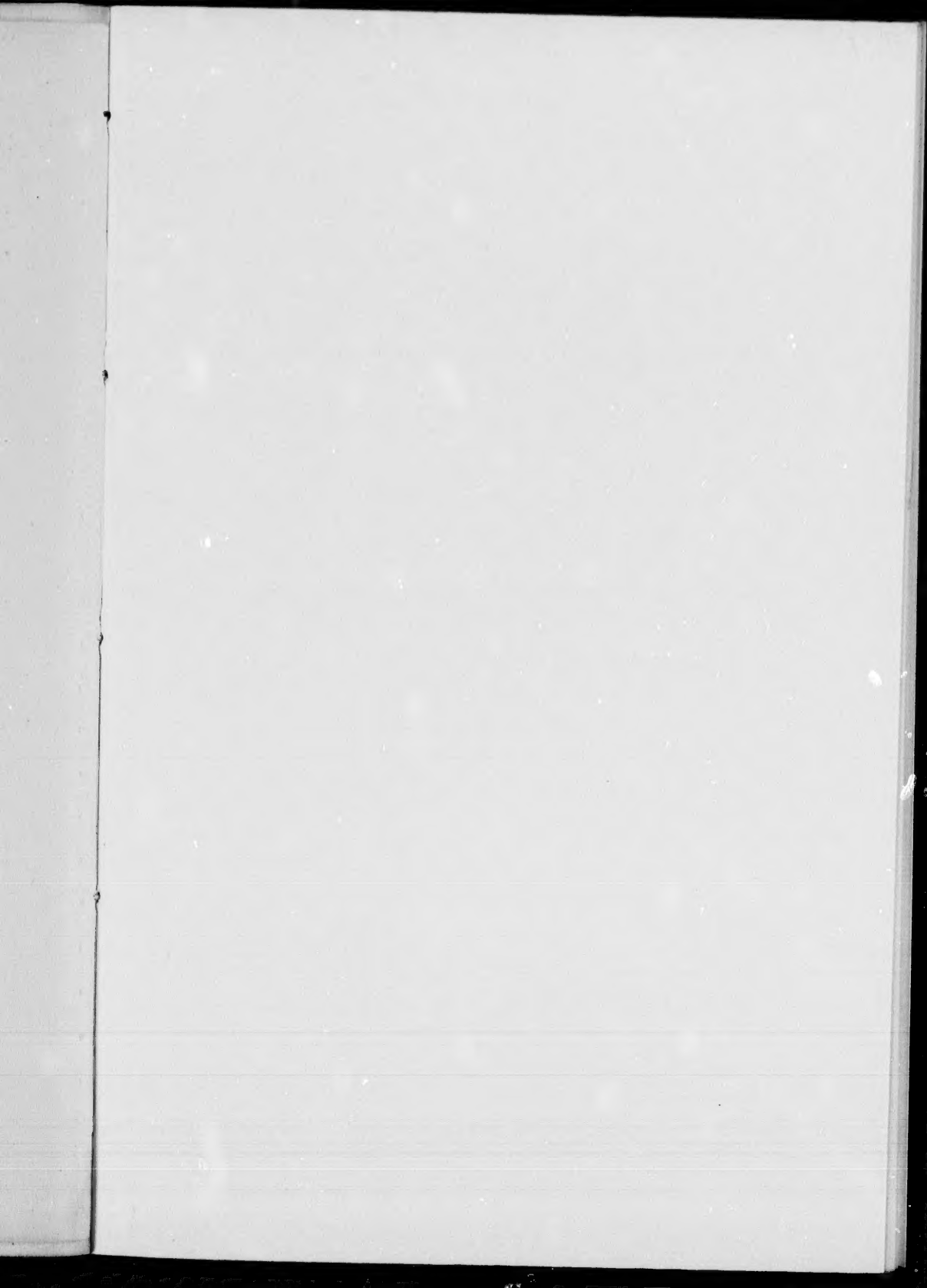
“I've waited many a weary hour, and now I have to die  
Unpardoned ; it is cruel, can he not forgive?”

Tho' lady, had I my choice I could not wish to live.  
Read me about the beautiful land with mansions free and fair;  
Would I could enter, be at peace, pardoned forever there.

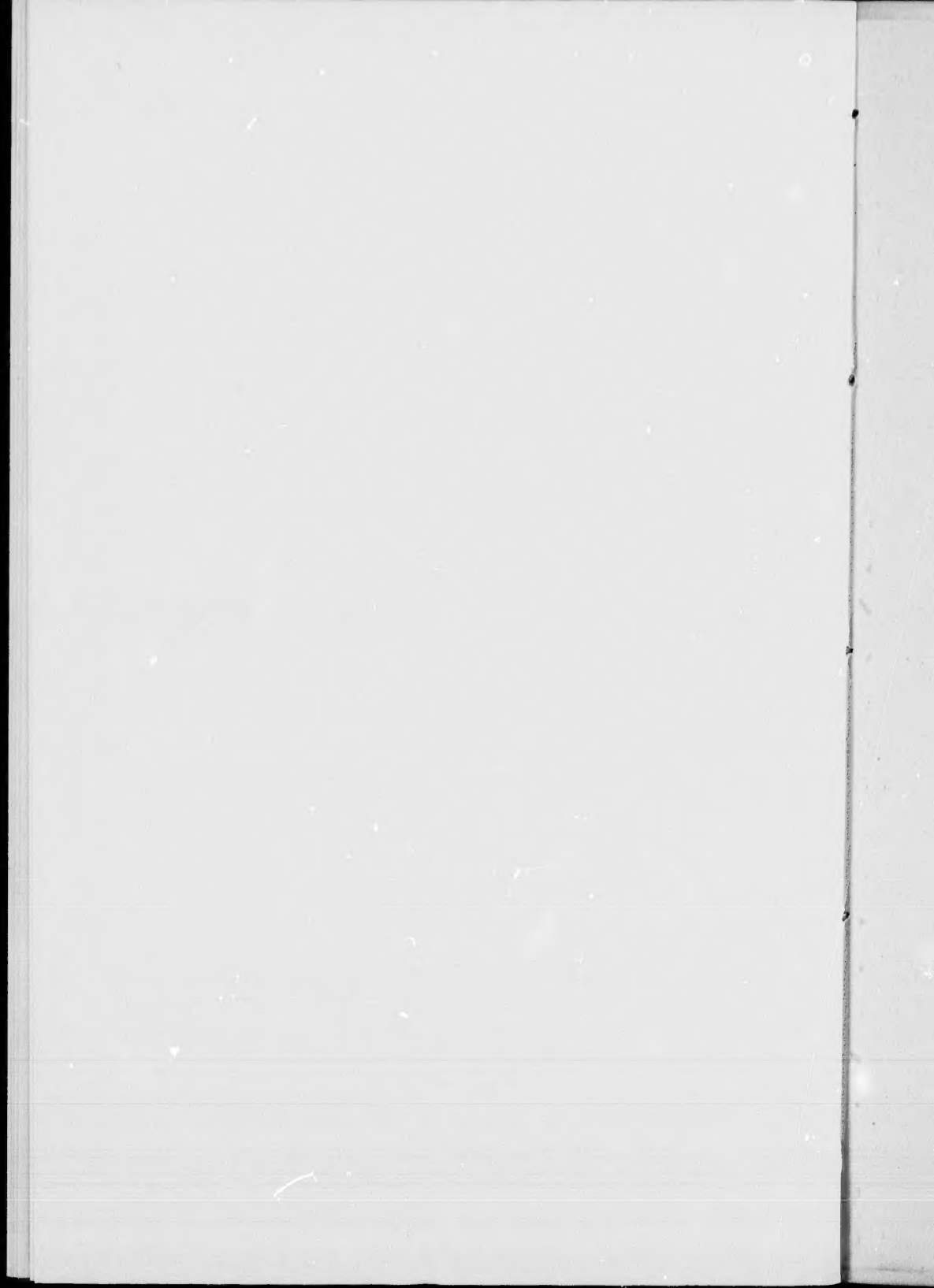
Each day I've waited for father to send, one short line to say  
He'd forgive me for my sin, long past for many a day.



You wrote and told him lady, I was dying far from home ;  
Waiting for death to call me, friendless and alone ;  
Yet not friendless lady—you have been to me  
In my hopeless illness—what a real true friend can be.  
Give me your hand, 'tis getting dark, the sunbeam's left my  
bed ;  
Read me of many mansions, as the precious Saviour said.  
Mansions many and glorious, for poor lone fellows like  
me,  
Who crave to be forgiven, and pardoned, may not be,  
But He—I know He forgives me—He dwells in mansions  
fair ;  
I'm weary of life, repentant, I long to enter there."  
The lady read til' daylight slowly faded away ;  
Til' shadows fell round the dim white beds, where many a  
suf'rer lay—  
Read til' no longer able to see by the fading light,  
Then turned to see how fared her charge—turned to say  
good-night.  
Clasped were the thin white nervous hands, tight within  
them lay  
The flowers the Mission Ladies had brought and given him  
that day ;  
Opened the sad, dark wistful eyes, with scarce a passing  
sigh,  
While the lady was reading of mansions fair on high.  
Up to that home for the weary, the heavy-laden, poor,  
Angels had borne a penitent soul to Heaven's open door.  
Where sinners, here unpardoned, in mansions many and  
fair,  
Will rest in peace, and perfect love, for Jesus reigneth there.  
If truly repentant—tho' dark may be our sin—  
His precious blood will cleanse us ; He bids us "Enter in."







### JOE.

JOE lay dying! Unavailing was frantic grief, or silent, heart-broken woe! Pretty Joe, with her golden hair, her eyes of violet blue, her lithe, graceful figure, her merry, engaging ways! All of the past, for the Joe of the last year had been quiet and sad. The golden hair, to be sure, was unchanged in its sheeny abundance, but the once laughing eyes had been dull of late, often filled with tears; the cheerful voice turned to sighing, the light foot-fall to the heavy tread of one with a heavy heart. Seventeen year old Joe was a pitiful shadow of her former self, a sad illustration of a broken heart, and of man's perfidy; the victim of a mock marriage, of too ready confidence in the object of her childish affections.

All alone save for faithful sister Pauline, little Joe stepped from the world where she had stumbled, and fallen, into the great unknown land, past the shadow valley awaiting all. It was Pauline who held the small hands, clammy with the dews of death, in her strong healthy ones. Pauline wiped from time to time the cold drops from the broad, low forehead, and smoothed the shining hair reverentially, her hot tears falling fast. Pauline closed the blue eyes when the Angel of Death had done his pitiless work; and then, falling on her knees by the bedside, the faithful sister wept bitter, unavailing tears for the sister who had left her alone. Alone! ah, yes! alone in the far Canadian land. Away from home, from mother, father—all! Yet, was she alone?—better so mayhap—a little infant, feeble, helpless, Joe's legacy to Pauline, claimed her care.

Pauline followed the remains of her loved sister to the grave—the only mourner. She stood alone beside the clergyman who had undertaken to read the services of the church over the young stranger, in the wind and hail of that bleak December day. The clang of the door of the receiving vault seemed to strike her heart as with a blow. She

tarried, weeping, after the Man of God had left her—with many words of consolation and sympathy—to attend to other pressing duties—to see her darling shut away from human gaze, and then abandoning herself to grief, knelt at the door which shut her from her darling, calling piteously for “Joe.”

O men and women! how few of you know the sorrows of the multitudes, from whom wealth, position, ignorance, remove you. Seek out the dark side of life—the miserable, the afflicted—the other side of this great world, which for you, perhaps, has but joy and comfort. Seek out the other half of every community, and go back to your luxurious, happy homes wiser and more thankful to the great Providence which favors you. The night was closing in as Pauline turned her steps cityward, away from Joe's resting place, to find a haven to place Joe's helpless legacy. Many a weary mile she tramped to find the required retreat. It was late at night, when, the infant safely established in its new quarters, Pauline reached the place where her labor was given in return for the wage which had now to keep Joe's baby as well as herself.

More than a year before the events just narrated, a happy family circle gathered round the fireside in a pleasant though unpretentious home in a small English town.

The family numbered ten. The two eldest boys were steady, hard working fellows, aged respectively twenty and twenty-two years. The older sister, Pauline, came in age between these two brothers, and Josephine—a beautiful girl, scarcely sixteen. The other four children we need not particularize—they were the school-going age, lank and uninteresting save to their own immediate relatives.

The father of this family was a hard working Minister, of what sect is unimportant to the reader of this crude sketch. A quiet, unobtrusive man, who had very little ambition beyond the writing of a Sabbath Day sermon of sound doctrine

and sterling principles in the particular line of light which illuminated his road Heavenward.

The mother, a faded, unenergetic person, with very little individuality of character, left most of the family cares to Pauline, who was a bright conscientious girl with wonderful ability for making the most of the very moderate stipend which rewarded her father's ministerial labors.

The pet, the idol of this quiet family, was golden-haired Josephine—Joe, as the boys called her, but Josie with her parents and elder sister. Gentle, lovable and fair to look upon, Josephine ruled the family heart with the sway of an empress. For Joe, the most comfortable chair was always vacant; for Joe, the brothers saved many a shilling out of their own required expenditure to buy the pretty ribbons she fancied, and which became her so well; for Josie, Pauline worked and sewed cheerfully, proud to see the reward of her labors in the set of dress or jacket on her sister's lithe, slender figure.

Unlike very many pretty girls, Josephine was sweet-tempered and agreeable to a degree. The adoration of the family certainly did tend to selfishness; but who could blame the girl? If she offered to help with the household duties, Pauline remonstrated on the ground that menial work would spoil her shapely hands; and as Joe never had any taste for sewing, she led a happy, idle life after the schooling—for which was practiced at home many rigorous economies—was over.

Petted in home circle, admired abroad, most especially by the male portion of her native place—women, as a rule, refrain from admiring members of their own sex—Josephine tripped through her girl-hood, or rather into it, happy as a bird whose cage door ever open, still has the protection and shelter of its bars. Fly, sport through the air, sweet bird; woo the sunshine, beware the darkening cloud; beware the fowlers' trap, the cruel aim of the sportsman!

No one among those who loved Josephine so dearly noticed that lonely walks, ostensibly for health's sake, became her favorite pastime, and that these walks grew more frequent, more prolonged.

Often, as the lovely spring afternoons drew to a close, the mother would wonder to home-staying Pauline where Josie had gone to be so long away. Then Josie would come tripping in, bright and rosy, her blue eyes all aglow with health and vitality; and mother would forget to chide her for her long absence.

But, as time went by, Pauline was concerned about her pretty sister. Joe was changing. Frank and open with Pauline always before, a something seemed to have risen between them; and Joe's replies to Pauline's queries as to her whereabouts during her frequent absences became curter and shorter, until at last Pauline, whose feelings were not easily hurt, left off questioning her.

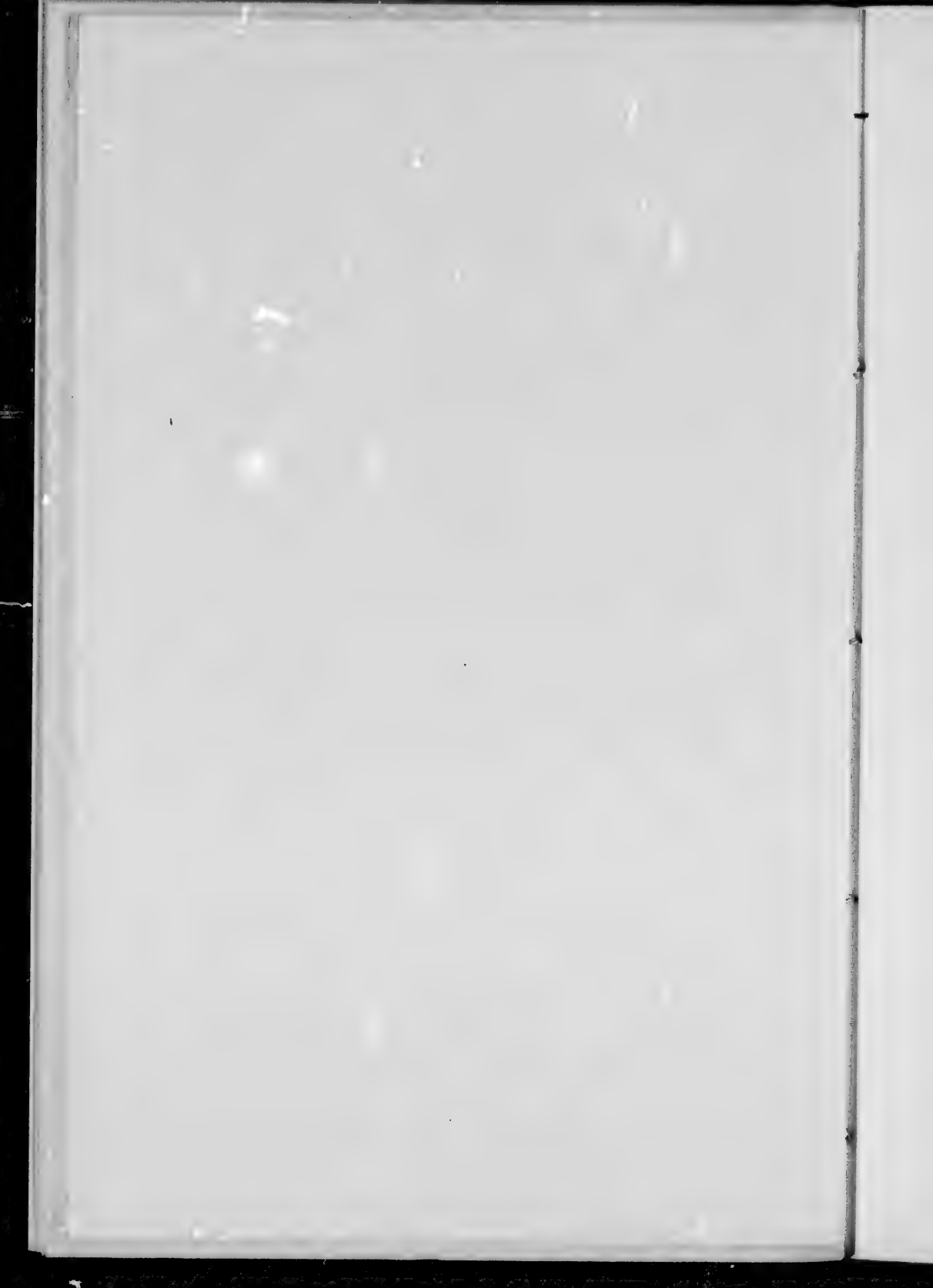
It was the old, old story! A cosy bed unslept in—an empty nest. Josie gone! The pretty bird flown! A few lines written in a trembling hand—bitter reproach (what is more bitter than deserved self-reproach?) for the liberty allowed their darling—for the careless permittal of those apparently lonely walks.

Gone! Would that Death's cold hand had led her away than that this should have happened! Gone with Manton Descollet, the dissipated step-son of the old Squire of Hemsley. God have mercy on the erring girl! Manton Descollet would have none.

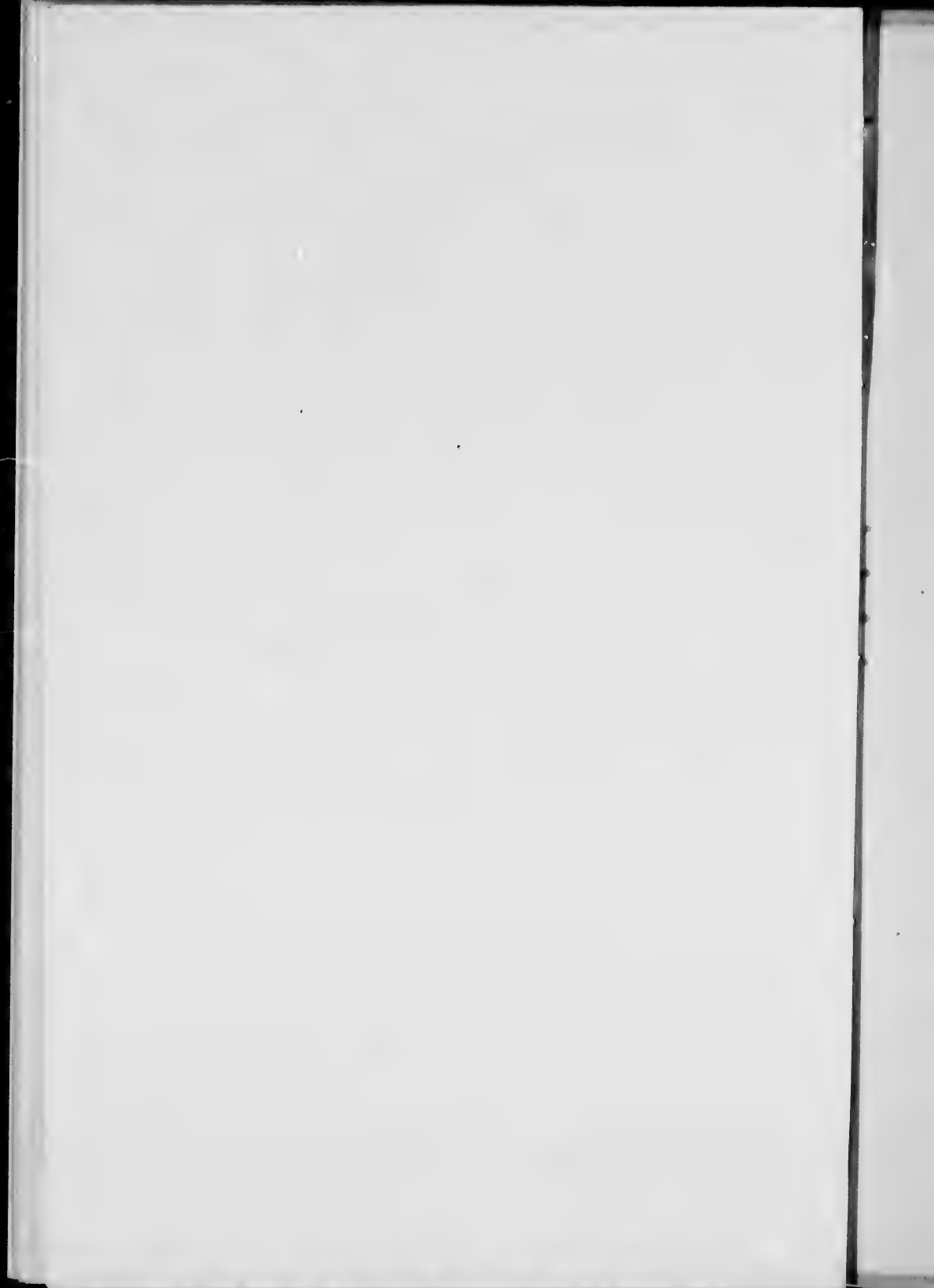
The days came and went; they come and go for wounded hearts as well as merry ones. Father grew grayer; mother grew older looking and more faded; the boys silent and morose; Pauline sadly performed her daily duties. Then the poor old man gave up his charge and went to another duty in a distant county. "How," said he, "can the people look up to me now? I preached to them of their duty to











their children ; I warned them to watch well their lambs ; and now I—the preacher, the leader—have lost my own poor lamb.”

The boys left the town to hide their shame ; everyone they felt had Josephine's name in their mouth. They could not bear the looks of pity cast upon them by some, the averted faces, the curious glances of others. Did not everyone know what became of Manton Descollet's victims ? The family had not been many months in their new home when a letter came directed to Pauline. A letter was a rare visitor. Great was the excitement caused by its appearance. The writing of the address was unfamiliar, the post-mark was Liverpool.

Before evening Pauline was on her way to that distant city alone. On through the night flew the great iron monster which carried the faithful heart to the poor, deserted, broken one. Bound for a strange city, alone, almost ignorant of the ways of the great outside world, Pauline had started out after reading the startling missive, to find the poor, lost lamb which had strayed away, if need be to share its misery and neglect. O ! faithful heart, forgetting self in sisterly love ! When Pauline reached the wretched lodgings in Liverpool where her sister had taken refuge, she found that the unfortunate girl had been deserted by her betrayer, for betrayer he was. The marriage lines proudly shown by Josephine, in partial extenuation of her conduct, proved on enquiry to be forgeries. The clergyman, whose name had been personated by some friend evidently of Descollet's, denied all knowledge of the ceremony, convincing Pauline of the truth of his words by reference to the parish register. A terrible fraud had been practised on the unsuspecting victim. Josie was not the wife, as she fondly imagined, of the man who had lured her from her home, but the dupe, the betrayed of as black a scoundrel as ever disgraced society. Pauline's one idea was to hide from the dear home circle the depth of her sister's humiliation. Away, anywhere, across the ocean ; there, in a new country, to hide her grief and disgrace. Sending word to

her parents that Josephine required her care for some time; enclosing in the missive the certificate of her sister's marriage, which she knew to be false, she set about making a few hasty preparations for their journey to a far-off land. Reader, do not blame Pauline for her deceit in sending the false comfort home to those she loved. She knew well the agony of grief that would assail those loving hearts were the full extent of Josephine's misfortune known. A future, too, lay before her poor, ill-used darling, her shattered idol. Was there nothing but grief and disgrace for her in the long life which might be granted her? God forbid! Her tongue or her pen would never divulge the pitiful truth. Her's should be the hand to keep from Josephine the cruel glance of suspicion, the shadow of disgrace.

The misery of that steerage passage across the wide ocean will never pass from the memory of Pauline as long as memory lasts. The long journey to their hastily chosen destination, a journey performed by the disposal of the watch and some articles of jewelry left to Pauline some years before by a well-to-do aunt. Anywhere! anywhere! away from the vicinity of anyone who knew them!

Weaker, more delicate poor Josephine became. Trouble, sickness, and above all, disgrace, were fast sapping the life-blood in her veins. Ere long she was forced to take refuge in a provincial hospital, a shadow of the pretty Joe of but a year before.

Work! work! all day long it was steady work. Thus Pauline's days passed. But it was a work of love; work for her darling Joe. Evening after evening, no matter how bleak the wind blew, no matter how deep the snow, she visited the hospital, and strove to raise the sinking spirits of Josephine.

"The clouds will pass away some day, dear," she used to say. "It cannot always be so dark and miserable. I think the good God will not ask us," it was always us, "to suffer more than we can bear."

O! dwellers in the world's bright side, can you picture hardship like this? To see your love, your idol in such a plight. To work all day at no easy calling, to hurry each evening to

see that idol fading, fading in strangers' care. One bitter cold evening Pauline hurried, as usual, to the hospital. Did the maid whose duty it was to admit visitors meet her glance with more pity than usual in her kind eyes? Or, was it Pauline's fancy? Something seemed to clutch at the faithful creature's heart; all was not well. She hastened to the room where Joe was always to be found. Ah! fatal premonition—Joe was dying! \* \* \* \* \*

Does the reader ask to know more of the faithful sister? The sunlight of her life was gone out, her idol hidden from human eye. She toiled on uncomplainingly for Joe's infant. Cold and rigorous as are the Canadian winters, the summers which follow are in many parts of the country marked by extreme sultriness and heat. The season proved too trying for the frail morsel of humanity, and ere autumn came with its wealth of brilliant foliage and bending orchards the little life, always so precarious, had closed, and Joe's baby slept beside its mother. A simple cross marks the place, on which is printed a text—not even the date. A faithful sister placed the cross over the two sleepers; the tears and prayers of that sister hallowed the spot in God's acre where they peacefully rest.

After waiting and working long enough to earn sufficient to pay all expenses incurred, Pauline turned her eyes homeward. Opportunity fortunately occurred by which she was enabled to work her passage back to the mother country. "Never," she said, "shall they know the depth of my sister's disgrace!" Noble girl: her reward awaits her!

And what of Descollet? Does he still live? Unseen of men, the mark of Cain is on his brow! 'Tis unseen of men, but He has written it there. Slowly years roll by. Some day the fire of remorse, kindled by memory, will burn relentlessly. She—so easily beguiled, so cruelly duped—will stand before him, it may be in another world from this. Listen! A still, small voice whispers—Nay! It is not still; it is not small; it echoes down the ages a terrible voice and mighty, "I will repay, saith the Lord."



**MY MOTHER'S GARDEN.**

A bunch of flowers, by deft fingers tied,  
Their way had found to where an old man sighed  
Through weary hours, without a friend to cheer  
The long, long days through which had lapsed a year.  
By age extreme was idleness enforced—  
The past his solace ; present, future lost  
In retrospection—age's one great claim  
When man looks back to youth's bright days again.

The old man murmured brokenly, and pointed where  
A sprig of mignonette perfumed the air ;  
Sweet William, too, and phlox, and shepherd's pride  
Composed the bouquet which some hand had tied,  
Whose owner loved the flowers which long ago  
Ruled in the garden with quaint, garish show.  
" My mother had a garden—such a place  
For flowers like these ; I see her blessed face  
In these dear flowers, friends of my boyhood's day,  
When life was all a careless, happy play.  
Their color: and odor, lady, mind me so  
Of days long past when thro' the paths I'd go  
Following mother, as she led the way  
To border sweet with herbs, and parterre gay  
With marigold, and rose, phlox, mignonette,  
Sweet William, lily, blue-bell—I forget  
The names of all. The roses grew apace  
In mother's garden. I can see her face,  
Delighted, smiling, as she used to bend  
O'er each sweet bud, and greet it as a friend,  
When, at the dawning of each summer day,  
Thro' the trim path she proudly led the way."

He paused ; I left him smiling at the scene  
The flowers had conjured up. The days had been  
So dull and weary ; now a boy again,  
Forgotten for the nonce were age and pain ;  
He walked thro' mother's garden as of yore,  
In fancy all the old-time flowers saw.

That gift of flowers, born of kindly thought,  
To one poor suf'rer pleasant memories brought.



### "BLUE DAN."

"**YOU** need'nt come round here Miss! I can't abear preachin'! I can't abear cant, nor sweet-cakes," (with a sly glance at a neighboring bed). "I can't abear jelly, nor apples, nor no soft fixins. Women-folk with thar pernicky ways ain't my style! I ain't an object ter fix thar lovin' gaze, I ain't; so don't you mind eyin' me, Miss." Attracted by this familiar address, delivered in a high cracked nasal key, I turned to the bed whence proceeded the voice, and shrank instinctively from the strange object which met my gaze.

I had gone to the Hospital to see a friend, a very humble friend, who for a long time had been a patient sufferer from some terrible internal complaint. It was not my first visit there. Many an afternoon found me by the side of the poor sufferer, who, having no relatives to visit him, seemed to always enjoy my visits. I was comparatively well known to most of the patients in the ward where my footsteps so often wandered. The owner of the strange voice was a very recent addition to their numbers.

The voice continued as its owner saw the impression produced on me by his startling appearance:

"No, I ain't no beauty to look at! Me own mother—peace to hir ole bones—would'nt be proud er me, and whats' more Miss, they've cut off all me toes; no more dancin' for yer Dan me boy, says I! No more runnin' up ropes, nor tramp-in'!" Here he stopped as of realizing his sad condition. I glanced at the foot of the bed—his toes had been amputated.

What a very strange creature, I thought. I had never seen such a grotesque specimen of humanity. The terrible scourge small-pox had left its lasting marks relentlessly on

him, in addition to which he was speckled, literally speckled, all over his countenance with bluish spots, the result, I afterwards learned, of a gunpowder explosion—close-cropped red hair and extraordinary wide flat features, added to the fact that he possessed but one eye, the other being closed in what seemed to be a perpetual wink—(in truth I fancied he was winking at me at a first glance)—completed a picture of such striking ugliness seldom seen in the varied forms and features of our race.

"No, I ain't no beauty," continued this unlovely creature ; "small-pox, powder and such like things are not improvers ; me own mother war'nt no duchess ter look at ; me dad war'nt hung for beauty—died in his bed—not extre comfor'ble tho', for I've heerd tell as he'd only a hunch of straw to die on ; only bless yer heart, Miss, don't yer look so sorry, he war too dog-gone drunk to know he warn't a-dyin in ther best bed ther Queen er England ever slep. in.

The strange apparition's antecedents were certainly not promising. However, I felt interested in him, and with an effort I overcame my repugnance and sat down beside him. Before I left we had struck up quite a friendship.

He was a sailor by trade ; had been shipwrecked on Georgian Bay. After enduring, with his comrades, terrible suffering from cold and exposure, he had reached a place of safety to find his toes were frozen. Amputation had to be resorted to to save his life. How he had reached the quarters where I met him puzzled me. In answer to my query on the subject he told me he had come across a person who had spoken well of the medical skill at the hospital in — ; so when he needed the services of a doctor "he made tracks there." He said he was not a pauper, but paid for his bed, etc., so he expressed it "like a man." He came originally from Philadelphia. There his only relative—a sister—resided. She was well-to-do ; did a thriving business in peanuts, and had plenty of money laid by.

"A widdy, miss; no children; don't like me, 'cos she says I'm wild!" Then after a moment's thought: "I'm a wild boy; I cuss, and swar, and drink. Don't yer be scared, Miss, of me. The ole bar's laid up safe; don't be scart!" He noticed that I looked rather alarmed at the recital of his accomplishments.

The weeks rolled by. Although death had relieved the sufferings of my poor old friend I still visited the hospital. "Blue Dan"—for so the strange, disfigured man with whom I had struck up quite a friendship was called—interested me greatly. "You are the first lady, Miss, that's ever spoke to me," he used to say. "I'll not forget, Miss. No more cussin', nor guzzlin', nor sprees for ole Dan. Do you really care, Miss, about a poor ole rep like me?"

And I read to him of some One who cared for him more than tongue could tell. "Well! Who'd'e a thought it? Someways I mind long ago hearin' about it. But I've been a bad boy, Miss; I never minded it, 'ill now yer tell me, bless yer!"

A bad boy! Poor soul, he must have passed fifty.

Time went by. "Blue Dan" had left the hospital, bound for Philadelphia. I often thought of the poor old fellow who seemed so affected when I said "good bye." I certainly never expected to see him again, or ever to hear of him.

Two years and more have rolled by. One afternoon I was going out; I met at the garden gate a regular specimen of the genius tramp.

A more ill-looking individual I never saw!

He stopped short, and regarded me with a critical gaze; then making a feint of a bow—"Air you Miss—?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Wael Miss, I've a message for yer, from one as thinks on yer day and night," (Aside, d—— if there is what Dan said to tell her!).

"Here's his writin'," and out of the filthy garment—the remains of a vest, he carefully extracted a very soiled paper, folded in many folds.

"Read this Miss! Write yer name on it, and hand to me again!"

I unfolded the soiled missive and read the following, written in school-boy hand:

i Dan silby lets yer no, as i are wel. Not cussin, not guzlin, stedy. my sistr died, al mony lef me. i am settled don, as yer sade i owt. i am now a specibe memmer sitivity. so yer sai ter b

god bles yer

Dan Silby X  
*his mk.*

Poor old Dan! I felt my eyes get dim. A respectable member of society. How often I had said to him, he ought to try to become that.

The tramp regarded me with a curious gaze.

"He wer fond of yer Miss. His savin' he calls yer. Just write yer name on that there paper, and I'll give it back ter him when I goes Philie way. He's well-ter-do now Miss, but he don't look down on me for that. Joe, says he, take it to her—you Miss—I'll make it a good job for yer, when yer brings it back with her name wrote on't."

I wrote my name on the unsavory missive, and as I handed it back to the unwashed messenger I felt for my purse supposing he would expect a reward for his fidelity in bringing the message.

He saw my intention.

"No lady, keep your tin; I come a long way off me road ter oblige Dan; he pays me well. I'me a rough an tough ole tramp, Miss, but fer all that I'me no sneak!"

He turned to go; I wished him a kind good-bye.



"Say Miss"—he said as he turned and regarded me once more—

"If you have any of them prayers, yer said fer ole Dan, laying round loose, keep me in mind!"

And he shuffled away.

So Blue Dan had become a respectable member of society! A few kind words; a knowledge that a poor weak mortal took an interest in him; a feeling that the Saviour, "he just remembered hearing something about long ago," cared for him—the poor rough, grotesque looking sailor, part tramp—had won him over to be "a respectable member of society."



## WHO WAS TODDLE-BEN ?

### AN HOSPITAL SKETCH.

A GROUP gathered round a narrow hospital bed, consisting of a nurse, a female assistant, Sallie Burgess by name, and the doctor in charge of the institution. The latter is holding his watch in his hand. A baby feebly wailing, swathed in charity's garments, a life just opened, and sad to say, a life just closing. Scene first in the life of Toddle-Ben. Who was Toddle-Ben ?

No one knew, there lay the trouble.

After the feeble spark of life had flickered out, and the mother of the wailing infant lay dead, the poor, cold, grey face looking so pinched and drawn, the morsel of humanity who owed its life to the unknown, wept on, as if conscious of its utter abandonment in the world.

Well it might wail ; no one wanted it ; no one owned it—a waif, a nobody.

"Pity the youngster ain't dead too," said the nurse, as she turned away.

To be sure, she wiped away a tear, as she turned from the bed-side, but the tear was not for the living, but for the dead. All the time she laid there dying, she had tried so hard to tell them something, but the cough, that seemed to rack the feeble frame, would commence, and the Angel of Death sealed the trembling lips with his icy touch, leaving the words forever unspoken. "So young, so pretty like," said the old nurse, as she wiped the unaccustomed tear away with the corner of her voluminous apron.

"Gentle born, too," said Sallie Burgess, snivelling audibly, as she slipped into her pocket a soiled envelope she had managed to possess herself of unseen by the other woman.

For a week the motherless infant lay unclaimed and unprovided for. There were Homes of several descriptions in the city where this waif first saw the light; but one and all refused to admit the friendless creature.

The Orphan Asylum closed its doors against its admittance, as no one could prove it really was an orphan.

A Boys' Home only received boys who had passed a given age.

A Girls' Home did occasionally receive infants of tender age into its precincts, but unfortunately our waif was of the wrong sex to receive the shelter of this most benevolent institution.

A Home for the Friendless! Ah! yes; there was such a place, but the friendless had to be paid for at the rate of so much per month. Our waif being so utterly friendless that he had no one able and willing to pay the necessary board money (friendless waifs so frequently are in this predicament), he had to remain outside the walls of this charitable edifice—the name of which hardly did justice to its rules and regulations.

So our hero remained in the hospital, his birth-place, for more than a fortnight.

Plainly no one wanted this being—so small, so wretched, so altogether insignificant—the very angels of death seemed to pass him by.

At last he was ordered out to make room for beings wretched like himself. Small as he was the place he occupied was required for others.

At the city's expense he was given in charge of a certain old woman—Mrs. Golightly, by name—we must here remark, in the interests of truth, that this female's name belied her. She went anyway but lightly. She was heavy and cumbersome, but in her ungainly figure there dwelt a big, soft, tender heart, and that unusual heart melted at the sight of the help-

less creature the nurse gave into her care—poor wailing babe—it found a friend the instant her stout arms enfolded it.

Before the appearance of this first friend the parish curate had given to the nameless waif a name—Benjamin it was—probably from the fact that the aforesaid name occurred in the morning lesson, and was floating in the mind of the reverend bestower. As a surname was out of the question, he was registered in the city book as Benjamin Brown.

The family, to which B. B. was consigned, consisted of two members: Mrs. Golightly and her simple son Nick. *Pere* Golightly had long since bid farewell to this sorrowful sphere, or, as his faithful widow was wont to say, "gone to glory," leaving Nick and his mother to be all in all to each other.

For years the latter had supported herself and her afflicted son by washing and charring, now, as declining health and the twinges of "rheumatics" told of coming old age, she determined to take an infant to "raise" for the city. So it happened our friend Benjamin fell to her care, and very loving care it was.

Two years passed by. The helpless hospital waif had grown into a fine boy, with white, curly hair and large, hazel eyes. "The face of a hangel," Mrs. Golightly was wont to say, in describing her charge to her numerous friends. All poor, foolish Nick's love was centered on little Ben, or Toddle-Ben, as he had named him; and all the neighbors knew and loved the white-headed two-year-old by that name.

"Wee, Toddling Ben" the men had called the child as they met him learning to walk, guided by Nick's devoted hand: they paused, as they passed the pair, to lay a hand, mayhap, on the little curly head, and say a kind word to the poor idiot boy—his tender nurse on all occasions.

What an imperious little fellow Toddle-Ben was, to be sure! No monarch ever ruled a kingdom more tyrannically than he ruled his constant, faithful companion, who worshipped the very dust those chubby feet toddled over.

One fine, spring day, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a sad-looking, middle-aged lady, alighted from the last way-train at the depot in the city where Toddle-Ben first saw the light.

They drove straight to the hospital and asked to see the matron. A long, private conversation ensued, in the course of which Sallie Burgess was sent for.

The conversation ended, the lady and gentleman left the hospital, leaving Sallie the richer by their visit, and taking with them the soiled and crumpled envelope with which she had possessed herself on the night on which Toddle-Ben's mother had gone to her rest.

The contents of the envelope read as follows :

Dear Father :

When you read these few lines I may be far away. Take care of my poor baby, if God spares it ; it has not sinned. Forgive my deceit—my disobedience. Father, I have suffered for it all. He has deserted me. But God is forgiving.

ISABELLA.

This was all? No, not all—blessed proof. These two people had come many, many weary miles, hoping, scarcely daring to hope, to find—marriage lines!—proving the dead girl to be the lawful wife of the man who had lured her from their loving care—her baby—their legitimate grandchild. Where was this child? Already they were on the road to find him. Toddle-Ben—once the waif! the baby outcast! Toddle-Ben—the heir of wide acres and a lawful name.

So the once friendless infant, the chubby, white-haired boy, was claimed by his grand-parents, found his real owners, and was kept at the city's expense no more.

Toddle-Ben has gone. Nick grieved sorely for his constant companion. He formed the idea that his little friend was dead.

He wandered aimlessly about, with a more daunted expression than usual in his pale blue eyes. Suddenly a bright

thought seemed to enter his vacant mind—Toddle-Ben was dead—no doubt of that—he was gone, never to come back, his kind old mother had told him with tears in her eyes. Toddle-Ben being dead must have a grave, such as those neighbors who died—went away, never to return—had in the large cemetery outside the city, where Mrs. Golightly was wont to take Nick on pleasant Sabbath afternoons in the summer.

So down at the end of the little garden, where he and Toddle-Ben had passed so many happy hours, poor Nick set to work to make a mimic grave.

Laboriously he raised it, sodded it, and planted it with wild violets, "for Toddle-Ben had loved them so," and then he set about to make a head-stone for his lost darling. He fashioned a rude imitation of a cross out of a piece of wood by aid of a dull pocket-knife some one lent him, then his joy was complete.

There his darling, his little Ben must be. He was always there. He watered the violets every day, and sought in the woods for the prettiest ferns and flowers to place on the little grave. Many a rose and rare flower he begged for to take to his little friend, as he expressed it. Faithful love; it may be in all his coming life the curly-headed, toddling child will never again find in this world the sincere devotion of this simple friend of his baby-hood.

One day Mrs. Golightly, missing her son for a longer time than usual, went to seek him at his usual haunt—there he lay dead on Toddle-Ben's mimic grave, faithful even to death to his little playmate's memory.

And who was Toddle-Ben? No one knows! The Hospital waif is now loved and petted by those who can bestow on him all the world can give—wealth, position, name. Like a dream he passed from the care of his kind foster-mother and her simple son. Friendless no more; but will he ever find a more faithful friend than the poor idiot boy who loved him until death?



### "A PEEP ER HEAVEN."

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THE day after the entertainment at the hospital, given several years ago by a few ladies to obtain funds to start the "Duffield Flower Mission," an old man who for many months had been a patient sufferer from a terrible disease resulting from having had his feet frozen, lay resignedly awaiting death. Death!—to so many a terrible visitant—to him seemed a kind friend, looked forward to as a relief from the agony he had suffered for what seemed to him years of weariness and pain.

The children were there, helping to clear away the remains of the evening's entertainment. Bye-and-bye one stole away to visit the patients. She soon returned, however, to tell the others of a grand scheme she had in her wise little head. Soon after the trio disappeared, unnoticed by the busy few who were engaged over the sorting and packing sure to ensue after an entertainment such as had taken place.

An hour passed; then one small conspirator appeared. "Come! come and see dear old Dick; we have such a surprise for him. Come quick! quick! before he wakes up!"

So somebody went to see the surprise. Well might Dick be astonished at the transformation scene which met his eyes—poor old eyes, dim with suffering and sleepless nights.

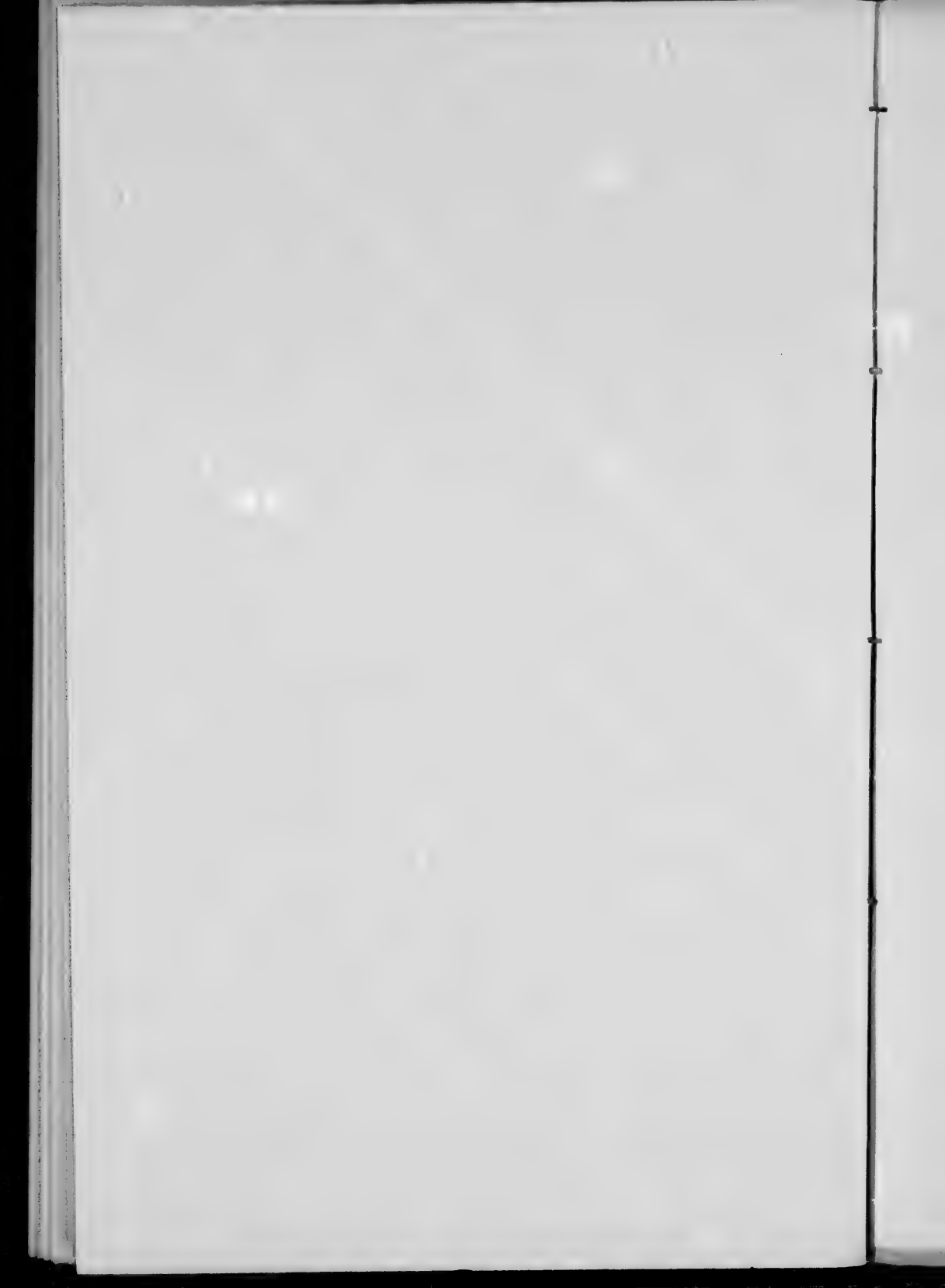
The iron bed-stead on which he lay was trimmed with flowers; the decorations of the flower-room the evening before; all round his pillow lay flowers; on the white spread and draped over his head. In the midst of all this brightness and fragrance lay poor Dick with *such* a smile on his worn face.

"Missy," he said to one of us—that was the name he, with

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many others, used to call her—"Missy, I'm havin' a peep er Heaven, sure, it can't be nicer an this. The flowers, and the children—God bless em—somedays I'm thinkin', Missy, He wants to show me what its like up there."

Nobody said a word ; nobody could, tears in the eyes make tears in the voice, and one by one we crept away, leaving poor old Dick waiting for a peep of the real Heaven.

I can see him now as we left him ; it was the last time I ever saw our poor patient old friend. His eyes closed, a smile on his rugged face, waiting ! The garlands of flowers surrounding the narrow bed, over and above the pale face, drawn by constant suffering. If there are any who do not believe in the good done by the "Flower Mission," remember that it did one great thing—it gave a poor old man a "peep er Heaven."



## A MAGDALENE.

The hard-drawn breath, the hectic glow—  
 Consumption's victim showed ; the nurse had said  
 Ere many hours had passed her patient  
 Would be numbered with the dead.  
     So young—scarce twenty—  
     Passing away ;  
 It makes one's heart ache,  
     I heard nurse say.

"Would you like to hear her story, marm ?  
 'Tis pitiful : when I see her dying I feel almost glad  
 That peace is coming for her ; I hope he'll be forgiven.  
 So young, too—a sinner. 'Tis very sad.  
     A tale of man's perfidy,  
     A broken heart ;  
 Of sin, deep—murder even—  
     Enough to make one start !"

Slowly the shining eyes opened, looking straight at me ;  
 "Don't look at me, lady, I cannot bear your eyes—  
 They seem to condemn me ; you're pure, not as I—  
 Sin-stained, accursed, a victim of lies.  
     Deserted ! forsaken !  
     Ruined ! I  
 Lay here and pray  
     God will let me die."

"It laid beside me—'twas in the ward above—  
 Tiny, helpless, a curse 'twas to me ;  
 I said in my heart it stamps my degradation—  
 I could not bear it—I said it shall not see  
     Daylight !—Morning dawned—  
     Cold and dead  
 Baby lay—by these hands !  
     Accidental—the doctor said."

"Accidental! No! It died hard;  
Its faint, gasping breath  
Haunts my every moment since  
I smothered it to death!  
I was mad with passionate frenzy,  
Ruined pride;  
Once I was like you lady—  
Would then I had died!"

"Months after, ill and weak, my time up, I left  
This place where I murdered the innocent thing;  
Each place I went, its plaintive wailing followed,  
In my ears its death sigh forever seemed to ring.  
Him I met, he tempted me;  
Ah! No, not again,  
My heart was broken, then  
Repentance began its reign."

"Now I'm dying far from home,  
Mother! Father! Won't hear my name;  
They think I'm a poor lost creature,  
Leading a life of shame.  
They're both getting old now,  
Once I was their pride;  
Pretty pet, they called me,  
O! Would *then* I'd died!"

"Hark! 'tis the baby's voice crying—  
Wailing! Will it ever cease?  
Since I did that fearful deed  
God has denied me peace.  
Sleeping, waking,  
I hear that wailing cry;  
Mercy! Is there mercy?  
In peace I want to die."

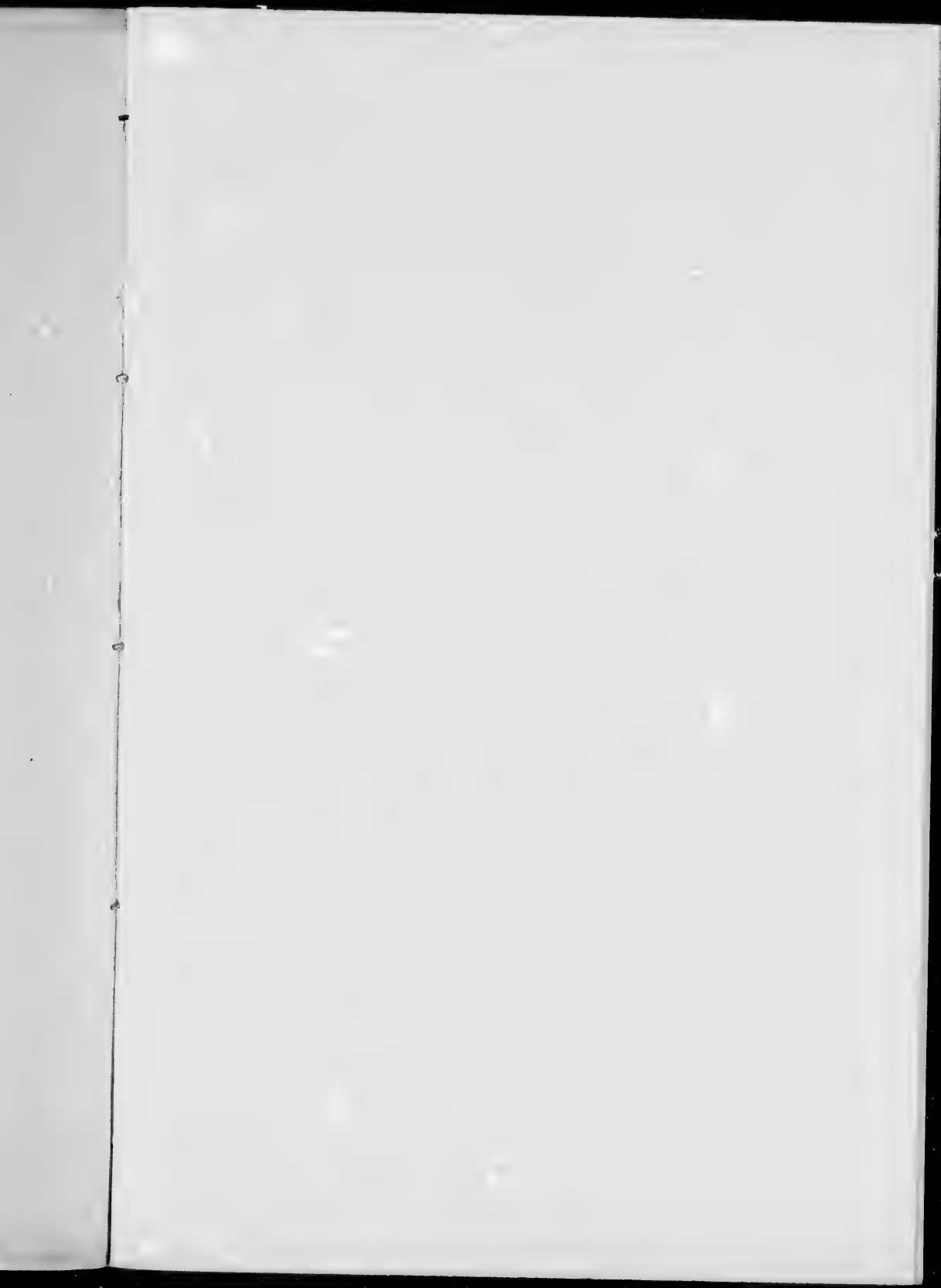


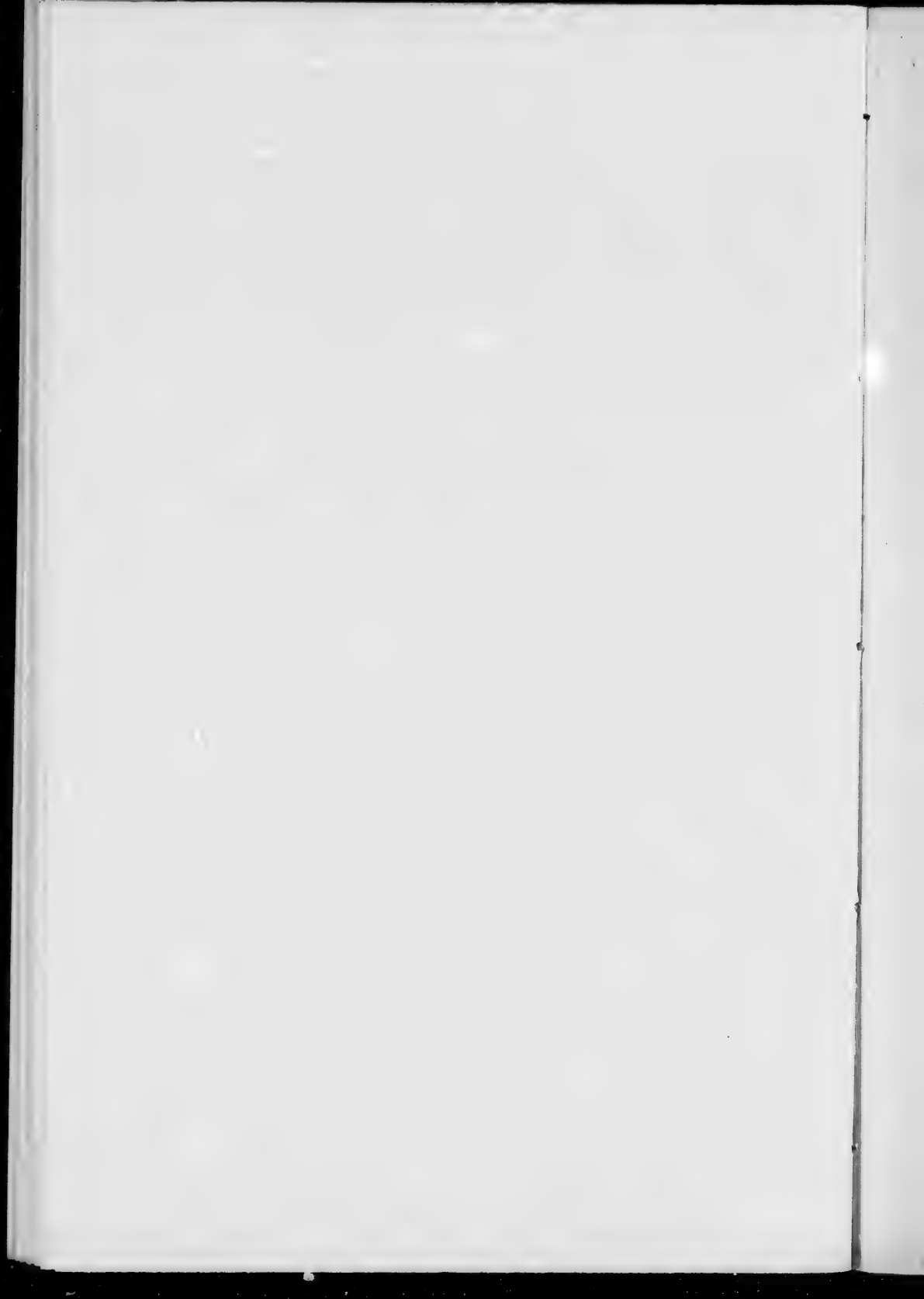
" Mercy ! Yes, there's mercy for those who cease to sin ;  
Repent ! Yes, I repented when baby ceased to live,  
Could I undo the fearful work  
My own heart's blood I'd give.  
Horrors ! Hear it wailing !  
In Hell it calls !  
I dare not die—help me !  
Save me !—Darkness falls."

I read of Christ's forgiveness of repented sin :  
Alas ! Was it *too late* those blessed words to hear ?  
But they seemed to soothe the feverish, wandering brain,  
For she became quieter and talked of parents dear—  
Of country home, and childhood—  
Innocent days  
Before betrayer's footstep  
Had crossed her guileless ways.

Next day the bed was empty where the poor sufferer lay ;  
Nurse said " she died so peaceful, happy at the last—  
She seemed to think she was home again  
And all her troubles past."  
Home ! God grant she was  
By Him forgiven ;  
Deeply she repented—  
Home is Heaven !







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**TOYS LAID AWAY.**

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**AN APPEAL FOR TOYS FOR THE LITTLE INVALIDS  
IN THE HOSPITAL.**

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'Twas close on twelve o'clock : sadly a woman knelt before  
an open drawer ;

What treasure had she there ?

Was it jewels rich and rare ?

No ! her treasures, when she saw them, made her heart but  
ache the more.

'Twas but some worn shoes, some half-soiled clothes,

And many well-kept toys,

Priceless to girls and boys ;

In her lone, aching heart, what thoughts arose ?

The tired, childless mother slept, the tears still on her eyes ;

A soft, white radiance fill'd the room,

A tiny form, long hidden in the tomb,

Bent o'er her ; sweet dreams fill'd her brain, and hush'd  
her sighs.

" Mother, my toys, with which I often played, you've laid  
away ;

I do not need them now,

I play with angels ; Christ's mark upon my brow,

Find some little child—who has on earth to stay—

" Some little one, sick, and poor and weak,

Who has no mother's love,

So like that above,

No kind friend a pitying word to speak.

" Oh! take my toys from out that lonely drawer,  
They've cost you many tears,  
Thro' all these parting years,  
You've waited to join me, with grieving heart and sore.

" Many little ones, in pain and suff'ring lie  
In hospitals away from home,  
From mother, father—all alone ;  
Cheer them with my toys, to laughing turn the sigh !"

The radiance faded, the angel form was gone ;  
The lonely mother slept,  
No longer in sleep she wept,  
Her dreams were bright, sweet visions of her boy alone.

When sun-light faded, and closed another day,  
The drawer was empty of the cherished toys,  
But happier were some suff'ring girls and boys,  
Clasped in each thin, wee hand a treasure lay ;  
Angelic forms, unseen, watched o'er each sufferer's bed,  
Thro' the childrens' ward a holy radiance shed.



## HOME GARDENS.

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In every garden, bright with blossoms fair,  
Sun-kissed, wind-fanned—tended with loving care—  
    Some flowers fade and die ;  
It may be they droop, and slowly pass away,  
Or close, n'er to open, as wanes the day,  
    Mayhap the gardener culls them suddenly !

A bud unfolds, shy in the morning sun,  
To fade, half-opened, e'er the day is done ;  
    Hanging its stri'ken head  
It falls e'er long, dry, lifeless to the ground,  
Its sister-buds still blooming fair around  
    It—numbered with the dead !

So 'tis in our home-gardens, tended with loving care,  
Our children gather round us, blossoms fair,  
    Gifts from the Father's hand ;  
In love's great sun they grow from day to day,  
Careful we watch lest wayward feet should stray  
    From out the little band.

As days pass by our blossoms seem to grow  
In grace and beauty—we tend, we love them so,  
    They are our constant care ;  
We greet each dawning day, by them made bright,  
We watch their slumbers thro' the quiet night,  
    Each precious blossom fair.

Not always will our care, our faithful love,  
Keep these home-flowers ; a still voice from above  
Calls them Heavenward ;  
His loving hand gathers the blossoms fair,  
In grace and beauty to bloom in gardens there  
Forever with the Lord !

O! wilful feet, that wander in early day  
From the safe shelter of earthly home away  
To folly's dangerous brink ;  
Straying, unconscious of harm, down devious ways,  
Lighted by passion's 'luring blinding rays,  
In waters deep to sink.

Better the last long sleep—the bitter tears—  
Safe from sin, long sorrow-laden years,  
Safe in the gardens fair ;  
Where never-fading flowers bloom in endless light,  
Where tears are never shed ; 'tis never night,  
His garden has angels' care.



